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DETACHED ANECDOTES.

THE EVILS OF MENDICITY, AND THE
DISADVANTAGE OF SUPPORTING THE
POOR IN IDLENESS.

THE utility of a system, which combines labour with support, is apparent, as practically and beneficially brought into effect by the plan of houses of industry.—“A prince of Liege, in order to cancel all at once the wrong side of his spiritual account, bequeathed on his death-bed, his whole fortune, which was very large, to the poor, appointing the magistrates of Liege his administrators. The consequence is, that of all the beggars and vagabonds in the Netherlands, Liege is now the common receptacle. It is no uncommon thing for an army of five or six thousand of these people to invest the house of the chief magistrate, and threaten to extirpate him, and all his generation, with fire and sword, if he does not instantly make a pecuniary distribution. The gentleman from whom I have this account, and who is a person of sense and veracity, resided some time in Liege, and to give an idea of the multitude of beggars that swarm in the streets of the town, told me further, that one day in walking half a mile, he gave away, to professed beggars, not less than fifty-eight pieces of money.” [Letters of James Beattie, *L.L.D.* lately published. The one whence this anecdote was extracted, bears date in 1774.]

SHAKESPEARE.

Mrs. Montague, in a letter to Dr. Beattie, on hearing that some verses had been made on a dove alighting on the statue of Shakespeare, erected by Garrick, at Stratford-upon-Avon, remarks—“I wish much

to see the verses on the pretty incident of the dove’s alighting on Shakespeare’s statue. Of whatever nature and disposition the animal had been, he might have been presented as a symbol of Shakespeare. The gravity and deep thought of the bird of wisdom: the sublime flight of the eagle to the starry regions, and the throne of Jove: the pensive song of the nightingale, when she shuns the noise of folly, and sooths the midnight visionary: *the pert jackdaw, that faithfully repeats the chit chat of the market or the shop: the sky-lark, that soaring seems to sing to the denizens of the air, and set her music to the tone of beings of another region*—would all assort with the genius of universal Shakespeare.”—

MODERNIZING.

The Emperer Napoleon, in order to give its proper weight to the French language, and to simplify the acquirement of useful knowledge, has ordered that all exercises and thesis in the universities throughout France, shall be performed and written in French; and that a knowledge of Latin and Greek shall, in no department of his government, be deemed a qualification for degrees, ranks, or offices, either political, medical, legal or clerical. The prescriptions of physicians are to be in French, and the service of the church is no longer to be performed except in the vernacular tongue.

The above alterations constitute a part of the great plan of simplification, which is at present making its way in the world, slowly but surely, notwithstanding the obloquy and prejudices which according to the present fashion of the times are

thrown on all improvements. "The learned languages," will be less prized, as the stock of present intellect is increased. The times are changed since knowledge was secluded from vulgar gaze in the Greek and Latin languages. They resembled the monasteries in which the votaries of learning at its revival kept retired. Now philosophy is

gradually accustoming herself to dwell among men. She is deserting the cloister, and taking up her abode "in swarming cities vast," and amid "assembled men" in the various walks of life.

We might condescend to receive advantage even from French improvements.

ORIGINAL POETRY.

THE BLUSH.

LOVELIER than the roses flush,
More touching than soft music's charms,
Is timid woman's feeling blush,
When aught the conscious soul alarms.
O Nature! thou, and thou alone,
Can'st soften, melt us, or refine,
One genuine touch each heart must own;
Th' enchanting blush is truly thine.
'Tis love's own eloquence! which speaks
Directly from, and to the heart,
Portraying on the modest cheeks,
What trembling lips dare not impart.
For love cold reasoning still despairs,
Nor waits for words his power to shew,
But rushes potent through the veins,
Triumphant on the face to glow.
Bright harbinger from feeling's source!
Morn's crimson glow, eve's tints are fine,
We feel, we own their beauty's force,
But ah, we feel them not like thine!
Thou speak'st from *moral beauty's* store,
Speak'st truth and virtue in the heart,
And sentiments deep in its core,
That language, weak, can ne'er impart.
O glowing thoughts, and feelings warm!
Ye that the sacred blush inspire,
Quit not, O never quit this form,
Lest virtue languish and expire.

DELLA.

TO ELIZA.

IN ANSWER TO HER QUESTION, "WHY
DO YOU SIGH?"

TIS not for grandeur, power or wealth,
That thus I heave the sigh by stealth,

Though fortune still has past my door,
I have been bless'd, and yet been poor.
No, riches ne'er shall cause a sigh,
Or bid a tear-drop wet my eye.

Nor o'er past sorrows do I mourn;
'Tho' much, alas! this heart has borne,
Should I the painful tale disclose,
Thy gentle breast would feel my woes.
Thy heart for me would heave a sigh,
And tears would dim thy crystal eye.

But time's blest hand has soothed my mind,
I bow to Providence resigned:
Now seldom back I turn my view,
Lest scenes of grief awake anew;
And if they steal o'er memory's eye,
I strive to check the rising sigh.

But say, Eliza, could'st thou bear,
To see thy only son *most dear*,
Whole years beneath the grasp of death,
Just struggling to retain his breath.
Would tears not often dim thine eye,
Would'st thou not, if a mother, sigh?

To bear long nights his weary head,
And each approaching minute dread,
To see death's image in that face,
Where dear lost features thou could'st
trace.
To watch that mild benignant eye,
So like his sire's, *O thou would'st sigh.*

I see that cheek where roses blew,
Now shrunk, and of the lily's hue,
And Oh, past scenes float o'er my brain,
When in some interval of pain

I mark the witty prompt reply;
My heart then heaves a double sigh.